

# Hypocritical WHIGG DISPLAYED.

26. Oct. 1682.

**W**HAT shall a Glorious Nation be o'thrown,  
By a Crew of Sneaking Rascals of our own?  
Must Civil, and Ecclesiastick Laws;  
Once Truckle more under the Good Old Cause?  
Shall these Ungrateful Vairless think to Live  
Only to Clip the Kings Prerogative?  
I'm all Inspir'd with a Poetick Rage,  
And must Chaffise the Follies of the Age.  
Thoughts do so Crowd upon me, I must Write  
Till I've Displayed the Gaudy Hypocrite.  
He's one that scarcely can be call'd a Man;  
And yet forsooth's a Pious Christian.  
He disesteems dull Morals for a Saint,  
(My Wel-beloved Brethren) must not Want:  
Soul Warming Thoughts, so warm that they did dwell  
First in the Womb, then at the Breasts of Hell.  
With Eyes turn'd up, Mouth Screw'd, & Monkey Face,  
He Loudly Baols to God for Saving Grace,  
With such Unmanly, Scurvy Mean, as if even  
His Apish Postures only wou'd please Heaven.  
He Hates a Form, but Loves his Dear Non-sense,  
Nauseats his God with his Impertinence.  
If things succeed not as his Humour wou'd,  
He straight grows Angry, and he Huff's his God.  
And this, as if God knows not what to do,  
And that wou'd have been for thy Glory too:  
Then Muffled in his Cloak, the Beast begins  
His Sermon to Dawb forth Soul-Killing-Sins;  
Murder, and Theft, and Pride, and Gluttony,  
Rash Oaths, and Vows, and Black Idolatry,  
Which in their Lives none more Applauds then he. }  
Yet if you do Survey the Lift with Care,  
You'l quickly find Rebellion is not there:  
Nay, when he's prest to Duties for some Hours,  
He ne'r puts in Obey the Higher Powers.  
At Surplices, and Lawn-Sleeves he takes Offence,  
Because they are the Types of Innocence; }  
For that he Scorns, and with it Men of Sense.

The Reverend Prelates he still Villifies,  
'Cause they Detect his Cursed Villanies:  
He shuns this Grave, and Learned Company,  
Because they smell too Rank of Loyalty.  
Hang them, says he, come let us Pull them Down,  
For this same Mitre will Support the Crown.  
He the Kings Person would Protect, he said,  
Yes, yes forsooth, by Cutting off his Head.  
He is the King's best Friend, and yet thought Good  
To Plunge his Kingdoms in a Sea of Blood.  
And this he did, Inspir'd by Zeal alone,  
To Fasten Christ in his Triumphant Throne;  
As if Damn'd Lyes, False Oathes, and Base Deceit  
Propt up his Throne, and made him truly Great.  
As if the Devil himself that Acted Them,  
Did bring the Lustre to his Diadem.  
Yea they go on, yet with the same Intent,  
By moulding to their Minds New Parliaments:  
In other things, like methods they pursue,  
For even the Sheriffs must be Fanaticks too.  
The Judges too, they'd to their Party gain,  
Did they lack either Honesty or Brain.  
But when their Wheedling Tricks do fail on these,  
They do Attack poor Country Justices.  
Some of the Great they by their Whimseys Guide,  
To Guard their Treason, and to like their Pride.  
In fine, they are the Foes of Royal State,  
Order, and Peace the Object of their Hate.  
They all mankind, except themselves Despise;  
Chiefly the Great, for being Good and Wise:  
Nor God, nor Man, these Furies seek to please;  
They'd Bruise the Crown, and Tear our Surplises.  
Some Subtil have, and some have Giddy Souls;  
Some Fools, some Knaves, & some are Knaves & Fools.  
These Vermin would even the best Things Command,  
And Suck up all the Fatnes of the Land.

F I N I S.